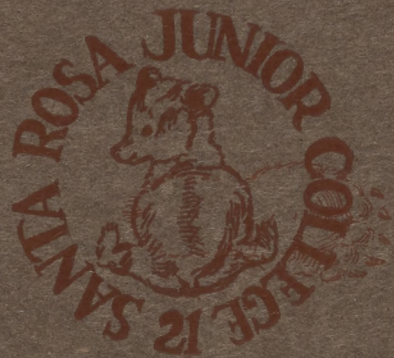


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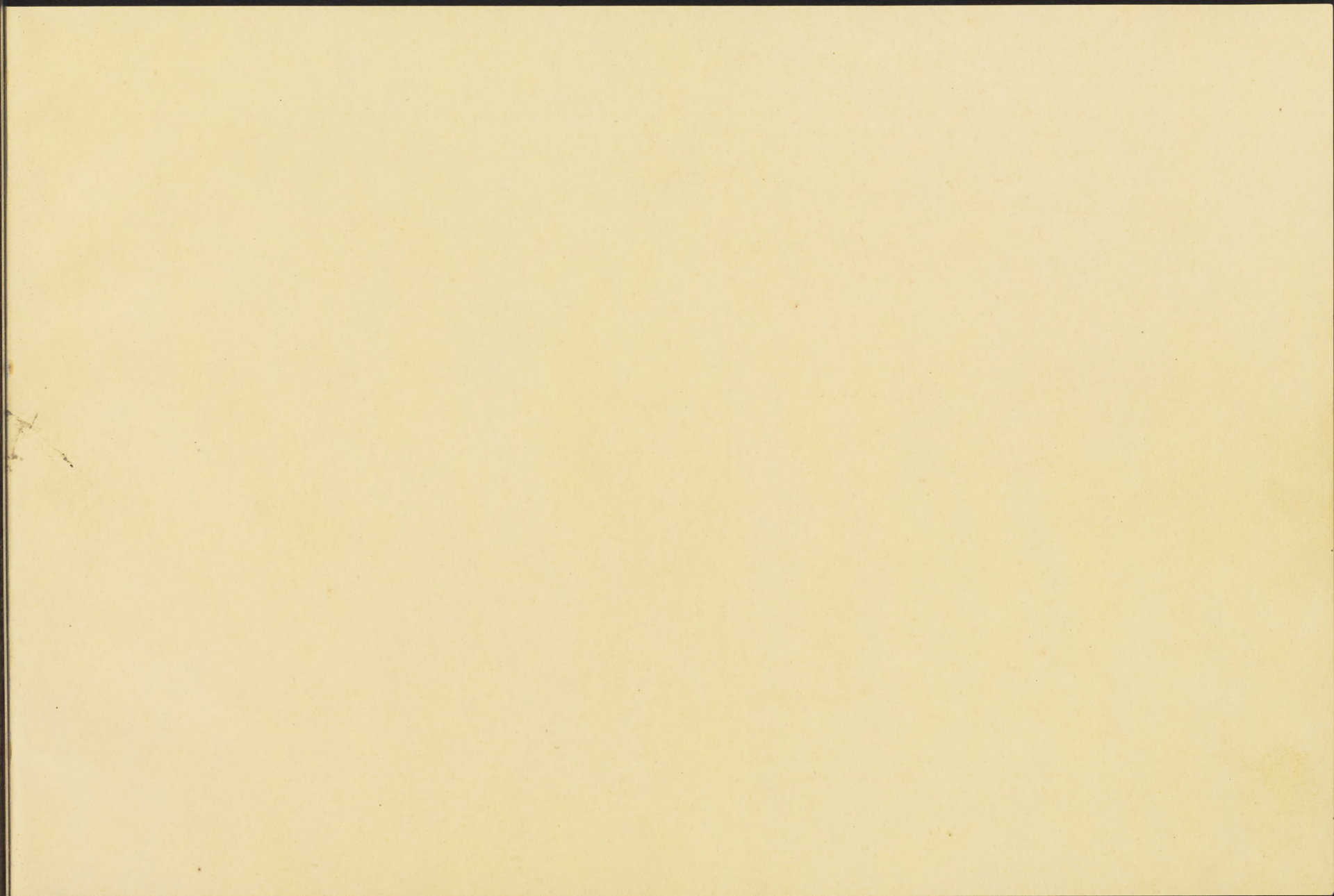
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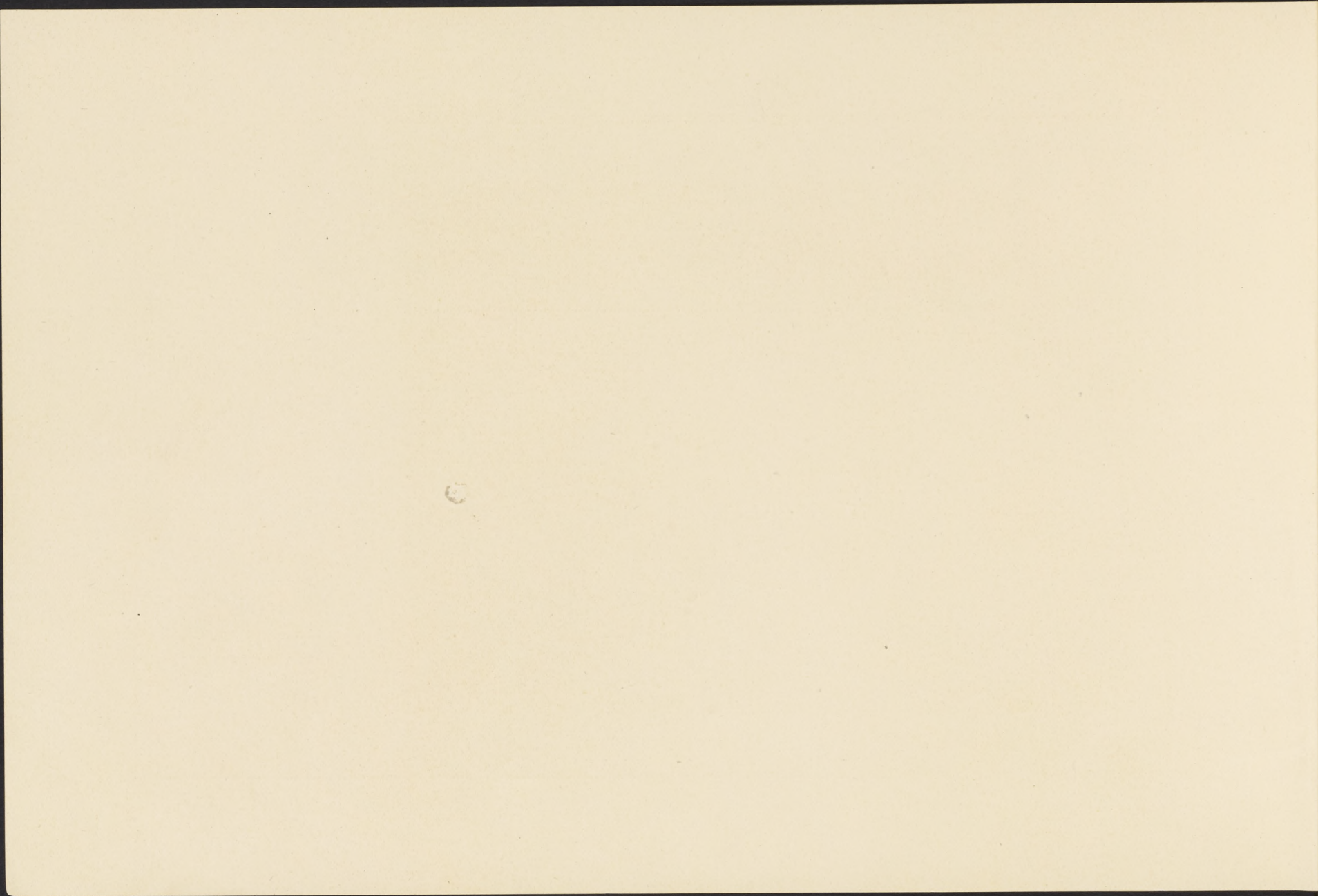


# BEAR CUB

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SANTA ROSA JUNIOR COLLEGE  
SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA  
1921











TO  
MR. R. W. BORST  
OUR DEAN : OUR FRIEND  
THIS "BEAR CUB" IS  
DEDICATED





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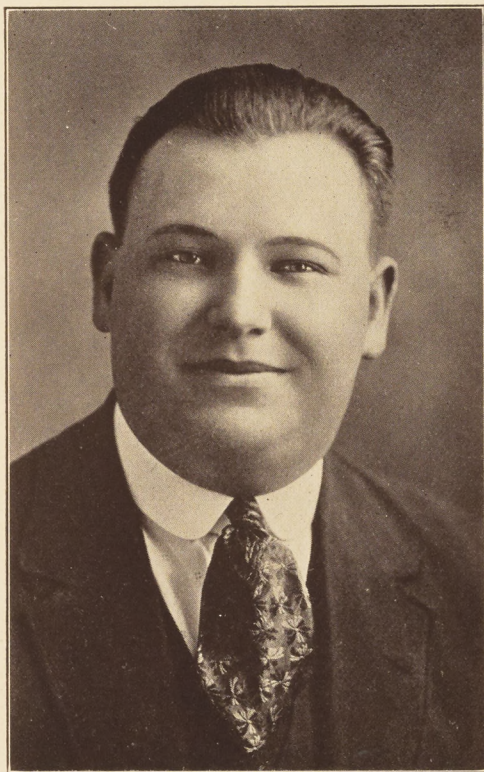


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Dramatics .....	Estella Sinclair







MERYL BISH  
*Business Manager*



ZELDA I. PITKIN  
*Editor-in-Chief*





*Eight*



## FRESHMAN NOTES

Many different schools are represented in the Junior College freshman class. Santa Rosa, Analy, Sonoma and Denver, Colorado are among those represented.

Freshman class list:

Beth Letold  
Ruth Comstock  
Mary Knepper  
Vivian Olson  
Samuel Lehrberger  
Earl Olson  
Maud Moyle  
Arsene Chauvet  
Zelda Pitkin  
Russell Merritt  
Julia Oakes  
Meryl Bish

Helen Hamilton  
Hamlin Bigelow  
Drusilla Talbot  
Estella Sinclair  
Dorothy Stillings

Many of the freshmen have achieved fame before they entered the college. Among those fortunate ones are, Ruth Comstock, the former art editor of the Echo, Meryl Bish, prominent in dramatic and glee club work.

Estella Sinclair and Hamlin Bigelow have distinguished themselves at debating.

Beth Letold and Vivian Olson are promising authoresses who have had their work published in the Echo.


The rest of us are shining lights in class and apply ourselves to the absorbing of knowledge.







## SOPHOMORE NOTES



A promising Sophomore class of six are to graduate from the Junior College this year. They have been active during the school year; every member of the class has taken part in some activity. Needless to say they have studied with a diligence that should set them forth as an example to the inexperienced Freshman.

They will enter other schools in the fall term to continue their pursuit of knowledge.

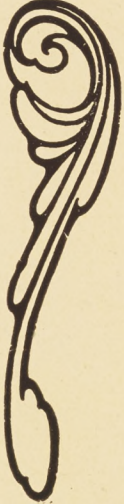
Annie Sheppard will enter the University of California.

Dorothy Kent will attend Santa Barbara State Normal School.

Esther Sorensen will continue her studies at San Jose Normal.

Thomas Brownscombe will enter the University of California.

Edith Moore and Isabel Homan will enter San Francisco Normal.





In Memorium

Inez Anne Russell

Who Died

February 11, 1921

*Twelve*





# LITERARY

## PACKAGES

"Someone's going to have some new oil-cloth for her kitchen table."

"Well! How do you know?"

"Don't you see that man just ahead of us, with that long limp package? He's trying to carry it so it won't get a crack in the middle. I can tell oil-cloth any time by the way a person carries it."

Have you ever had the same experience carrying a roll of oil-cloth, or a broom that the kind salesman has tried to camouflage? If you have, I know you have run the gauntlet of quizzical eyes. But even so, it is interesting to watch the people on the street with their packages.

Here is a young man. His clothes are brushed and pressed, and fairly smelling of gasoline. He has a rather small oblong box under his arm. It is wrapped in white watered paper, has gold seals on the end, and is tied with a purple cord. It will not take a Sherlock Holmes to guess where he is going and what he has in his package.

You can always find the busy housewife with her package of meat in its light brown wrappings, or a bunch of turnips or carrots. You can find the person

whose package contains a pair of shoes or a new hat. How often we have seen him on the street with these bundles.

Beside the packages that are so familiar there are those whose identity is hidden by wrappings! Have you ever walked behind a person whose arms are full of bundles and wondered what is in them? You could almost make up a mystery-story of the unknown articles in them.

This young man has a small box in his hand. Now what may it hold? Has he bought a ring for his girl, or a lavalliere or some other piece of jewelry? I wonder if he's going to see her now? There! my romantic wanderings are all shattered. He has unwrapped it and consumed a Smith's Cough Drop. I guess it's better not to try and predict too much about packages from their shapes and wrappings.

Sometimes there is no need to predict the package may be opened in your sight, for string and paper have an uncanny way of coming off.

I remember the small freckled face boy that walked up the street ahead of me the other day. He was accompanied by his dog, little and alert, who raced



back and forth joyfully. The boy was whistling "Margy" and tossing his bundles in the air. Alas for his faith in twine and paper! They parted company and a long string of weenies fell to the walk to be siezed by the happy pup, who only increased his speed at each frantic call from the boy and disappeared around the corner. So I never knew the end of the race, and that was the "wurst" of it.

One evening a lady got on a car with me. She was carrying a large package, carefully wrapped in white paper. She had evidently been hurrying, for she was breathing hard. She set the package down beside her while she drew on her gloves. As she was busy fastening them, a large portly gentleman entered the car, and, without paying attention where he was sitting, sank down upon the bundle. She gave him a sudden push, and exclaimed in an agonized tone "Oh! my cake!"

When she got the papers off, we saw what it looked like. It must have been a thing of beauty, but now it was a shadow of its former self. You seat a two hundred pound man on a birthday cake which is frosted and decorated and trimmed with pink and white candles, and see what happens.

There are other packages; the unexpected ones brought by Uncle Sam or the express man. They may come at any time, but are pretty sure to appear at birthdays and always at Christmas. The children all clamor to answer the door, and bear in the bundle. There is a feeling of mystery in the air, and who knows what the contents may be?

The birthday parcel may be opened at once, but oh, the tantalizing tag, "Not to be Opened Till Christmas" which puts you on your honor to wait till that day has come. But they are the best packages of all, for when the heavy papers are taken off, the white wrappings are tied with holly ribbon and caught down with Christmas seals that protect the good things inside. And we seldom are disappointed, for the Christmas spirit of good will glorifies them all whether they be of great value, or some simple hand-wrought gift from a distant friend.

But after all it is only guess work. We cannot know the contents of each one, and some may bring grief instead of pleasure and regret instead of joy, but still there is always the hope of something good.

BETH LETOLD '22

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## WHAT'S IN A STAIRWAY?

"A stairway? Why, a stairway, you know, is a thing that you walk on when you go up or down. I don't mean hills are stairways. The steps have to go up and down, kind of zigzaggy; you know how it goes."

This is a typical answer to the question, What is a stairway? One little boy of five summers said:

"Oh, lemme see—it's a—why don'cha know, Vivy, it's where I keep my blocks unner!"

"An' we use 'em," joined in his little sister, "for



shelves in our flower shop when we play store."

So you see, stairs aren't just to go up and down on.

I saw a stairway a while ago that I liked very much. It was built in the side of a very steep hill. Its steps were of redwood. Its carpets were moss. Its banisters were not made to slide down. They were ferns, giant ferns, that grew up to your waist. Its corner posts were the most aristocratic of Bohemian grove's monarchs. It was fifty years old. The first settlers had built it when the mill was constructed. It must have been so their wives on the hill would find it easier carrying water up from the little green river. . . .

I found this stairway in a barn that was used as a carpenter shop. It led to a used-to-be hay loft, where an author and thinker wrote his epistles. This staircase was rather old, too, but held itself as erect as the day it was made. It was a ladder. Made for service, it took little space, and resigned itself to its inconspicuous position in life with matter-of-fact dignity. The spiders had found it an excellent place for their webs, so the staircase was draped in the daintiest gray lace, as is becoming to folks of old age. . . .

It was a brand new stair case. Smartness was its keynote, for an architect had designed it. Its steps were of fashionable gray, and the cast iron banisters were welded into its hard cement sides, so that even to see them was to think "stability." Those banisters—they were a marvel! They were made strong for boys and girls to enjoy. At the bottom of each were huge lion heads for children to grasp and hug when they reached the end of their toboggan. Kindly and patient they were to stand uncomplaining while

babies and older babies tugged on their ears and their teeth. Oh, how they glared and looked fierce, when at dark the lights that headed the steps were turned on, and shadows were cast all about! . . .

And then there is the ladder that leads you upstairs, where somebody's children sleep on straw ticks, with overcoats to keep out the cold. The steps on that ladder are placed horizontally, and each one a little in front of the other. At the top it is stopped quite abruptly by a trap door let down during the day to keep the heat down stairs where kiddies were playing; and at night to keep them from falling down stairs. That stairway is sad, very sad, all the time, or else has grown hard from constant contact with the misery which it has seen. . . .

Sliding down the banisters of those comfortable stairs that wind round and round in the big front hall, is almost as thrilling as the ferris wheel on carnival day, isn't it? And if you feel yourself falling, you can simply jerk over and land quite safely on deep stair carpets. . . .

We live on a hill. There are twenty-nine steps leading up to our house. How do I know? Why, every member of our family knows that. We estimated hundreds the first time we went up! We were so tired. So we counted for sure. Now everyone knows that twenty-nine is the number of steps to our home. I'm sure the grocery boy knows, and the gas meter reader, and the ladies that come to call on my mother. Everybody knows. . . .

Stairs—Oh, they're things you go up and down on, all right. But don't you forget, in your grandmother's house, all the strawberry jam, and cool milk crocks that used to be under the cellar steps.



On hot summer days they're used for kitchen stools, while mother peels potatoes and carrots. Front stairs seem to be made to write letters and "hold court" on. The post at the bottom is an excellent rack for your hat. By the way, I'm sitting on them now, and writing on the next one up.

Oh, stairs, your life must be well. You feel the pulse of joyful steps; of discouraged tread. Tiny babies just learning to walk creep over you. Old,

old men ready to die, totter up you. When your boards creak, are you tired? When they give, do you feel athletic? When they swell from dampness, is it your tears, and you are sobbing old stairs? What is it that is hurting you so? I will try not to tramp so hard. I will try not to brush webs away, so when you are ready to die, you, too, will have a gray, lacey shroud, like other old folk.

V. K. O. '22

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## THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

He leans comfortably back in the large Morris chair and thoughtfully eyes his cigarette. The fire-light outlines his sleekly brushed head. It plays upon his extremely correct collar and jeweled tie-pin. He crosses one smartly trousered knee over the other and begins to speak.

She leans forward from her low stool, clasping her small hands on her silken lap and gazes up admiringly at him.

"Last year when I was up in Montana on my summer vacation I got caught out in one of those thunder-storms I was telling you about. Awful thing to get caught in, I'll tell the world!

"I was riding my cousin's best saddle horse. Tricky little brute, you know. Full of ginger, though. I like to ride that kind—no tame horses for me."

A street car rattles along outside, throwing a passing shadow of flickering lights on the wall. The young man in the chair continued,—

"I was in one of those redwood forests you hear about—"

"But Carl," interrupted the girl, I thought redwoods didn't grow that far from the coast."

"My dear girl, I've *been in* Montana. Well, as I was saying—I was riding through the forest, and the wind was throwing the branches around something fierce. It had just begun to rain when I rode out on to a cliff and looked at the river running along below me. There was a whirlpool just below, and it looked awfully far away. It was about two hundred and fifty feet, I guess. Bang, goes the first big clap of thunder and that darned horse got scared and jumped right off the cliff, with me in the saddle.

"Well, we hit that whirlpool with an awful jolt, and by Jove! if that little horse, after coming up for the third time, didn't swim to the shore and me still sticking to the saddle! It all happened so quick I



couldn't think. It was a terrible experience—I'll never forget it as long as I live."

"I should think you wouldn't," murmurs the girl, bending her head and poking at the fire.

Three months later, she is talking with his cousin from Montana.

"Do you know, I have been perishing to ask you if you got that limp while you were overseas?"

Cousin grins, "Nope, I got that up in Montany. I was out huntin' some cattle in the woods and my

hoss got scared of a little thunder and fainted off a bank into a creek about twenty feet down, I guess. The fool hoss swum out and the current just naturally slapped me up against a rock and I held on, but my leg was busted. Carl, here, pulled me out and we managed to get home, but my leg never mended right. It was only a year ago. Maybe time will tell."

"Yes," laughs the girl, and there was a wicked light in her eyes as she looked at Carl, "Time will tell."

ZELDA IRENE PITKIN '22

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## JOSIAH GIVES IN

"I've eaten beef-steak for nigh on to seventy years and it hasn't hurt me one mite neither. By Heck! that doctor ain't a-goin' to tell me what I shouldn't eat. He's a-tryin' to make me believe my teeth ain't as good as they used to be. I know they're false but they are as sound and sharp as they were twenty years ago. One thing, they are a darn sight better lookin' than Maria's."

This brilliant thought of comparing his perfect ivories with the ones Maria didn't have, made him chuckle. The chuckle was cut short by a piercing pain, just below the diaphragm. This pain reminded Josiah Whitman again of the doctor. He turned abruptly and shook his gnarled fist at the door which bore the following letters:

*PRIVATE OFFICE*

*ANTHONY THOMAS, M. D.*

While Josiah waited for the butcher to wrap his tenderloin steak, he took a plug of Star tobacco from his hip pocket and bit off a liberal chunk.

At "Rich Man's Corner," Josiah Whitman was delayed. It was here that he swapped yarns, shifted his tobacco and sunned himself with the rest of the old codgers.

The four mile drive home might have been a quiet one, if Josiah had not chosen to take his troubles out on old Ned. As far as Ned was concerned, he didn't mind the oaths which escaped the parched lips of Josiah, (the parched lips being due to the temperature of the word which passed through them) for he was deaf. But when Josiah saw fit to use the whip, it was an altogether different matter with Ned. It made him nervous, it sent thrills down his weary limbs, which would no longer react to any kind of stimulant. Ned's speed had gradually slack-



ened, until now the fastest he could go was two miles an hour.

A shrieking automobile horn was heard. The speeding Cadillac grazed the hind wheel of the slow moving buggy. Josiah saw a head thrust from the side of the machine, or rather two bone circles. Then he heard:

"Good bye 'Uncle Josh' hope you get there sometime."

"——!——!?!\*\*\* Them automobiles will be the ruination of all beins'! No wonder people is so pertinent. They get to and back from places so quick. that they have too much time to think up rot. I'd like to see that ruffian down at the bottom of that creek, over yonder, with them wheels of that power thing right on his rubbery neck. Ned, sometimes I think you're slower'n molasses in winter, but I'm not a-goin' to be deteriated by them heavin' snortin' things. If I have any say about it, I'm not goin' to be taken to the burin' ground in one neither. Now-a-days the quicker they can get one buried the better 'tis. When I die, I want them to have time to realize that Josiah Whitman was somebody, and regret the wrongs they done me. They seemed to have forgot that I once dug gold and helped to build up this very west and that I was constable once."

The wheels which turned into the lane, moaned and shivered. Ned stopped, Josiah reached for the rope to the jumping gate. The rope broke. Maria, who was staking the pinks, bustled to the scene.

"Josiah, I know it was a-goin' to happen. Haven't I told you to get a new rope for years?"

Between the two of them, they managed to drag the gate open. When it was done though, Josiah

sought the gate post for support.

"Josiah, you will have to be buyin' a new backbone or something for yourself, when you get that rope."

The sun sank into the cloudless west, unnoticed. Josiah was occupied in caring for Ned, the cow and his three dozen leghorns. Maria was baking herself over the "Richmond Range," of forty years ago, preparing the evening meal.

For once the beef steak was rare enough and Josiah drew a breath of satisfaction, as he applied his steel knife, which had first been sharpened on his fork, to the juicy mass.

Maria, who believed in the saying that a man is better natured when his stomach is full, waited until then, to present her question.

"Josiah, what did that doctor say about them pains you've been havin' of late?"

"That doctor's plum crazy; he said it was the beef steak."

"Just what I've been a-tellin' you, Josiah."

"Maria, this bein' sure of things after they have happened, is got to stop. 'Tain't neither the cause and you might as well know it too. If it's anything it's stuff like this fluff puddin', that you've been a-feeding me. It gets air in my stomach. What I want is solid food! If you don't be careful you'll be killin' me off inside of a few years."

"It's a pity you wern't killed off before, then perhaps I could end my days in peace. I have been thinking of late, that you will outlive me, for I have been usin' up all my strength a-waitin' on you. You are gettin' so useless."

That evening the dishes were rinsed in salty



tears. Maria was very touchy, especially on the subject of cooking.

By the time Josiah had smoked his once-filled corn-cob pipe and unapprovingly read the "Orchard and Farm," Maria had comforted herself.

"If Josiah didn't appreciate her—some of her children would; perhaps she would go and live with some of them."

As the kitchen clock struck twelve, Maria was awakened by dreadful shrieks from Josiah.

"The pain—Oh—h—it's killin' me! Maria, do somethin' quick."

Maria tearfully brought the hot water bag and some of Josiah's private stock, but it was of no use; Josiah's pain increased.

"Maria, perhaps you had better send for that doctor."

Maria wailed and wrung her hands. She knew Josiah was going to die. He was out of his head surely. He had never asked for a doctor before, not even when the pruning shears fell on his head.

On the way to the neighbor's house to telephone, Maria prayed every breath that Josiah would be spared.

"He had always been a good provider and he was a smart man, even if he told people so himself. Just think she had told him that very evenin', that it was a pity that he wasn't taken off."

With blinding tears, unsteady steps and shortened breath, Maria made her way toward the neighbors. How she got through the kale patch and over the fence is more than anyone can tell.

Maria did not rely on the door bell, but pounded

on the entrance with both her fists. Mr. Jones came to the door fully protected. To his amazement, he found Maria standing there, skimpily clad, this woman who was always afraid of catching her death of cold.

"Josiah's a-dyin'! Quick, send for the doctor."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones supported Maria home. As soon as she reached Josiah's bedside, she fainted. Luckily for that, as Josiah was all that could be managed until the doctor came.

"Well, Mr. Whitman, what have you been doing now? Abusing your stomach again I suppose? I hardly expected to see you in this condition so soon though. Will you obey me now, Mr. Whitman?"

"Yes—oh! —yes, Dr. Thomas."

Josiah made no more attempts to answer questions. He was too busy in making each pain known by an appropriate groan. No objections were made either, when he was given a hypodermic.

"Mr. Whitman, you will have to come to the hospital where I can look after you."

Maria awakened just in time to hear Josiah say, "Well doctor, I guess I will have to give in."

"Doctor, don't let him give in—don't let him die. I just couldn't stand it."

"Mrs. Whitman, do quiet down! He isn't going to die. He is just going to the hospital with me."

Wrapped in quilts and held on the back seat of Doctor Thomas' machine, Josiah took his first automobile ride. The only words that he uttered were, "Well Doctor, I will have to give in."

RUTH W. COMSTOCK '22



## AUTOS AND AUTOISTS

Did you ever sit by the highway of a Sunday afternoon, and watch the multitude of cars which pass every hour? There are many types, and also individuals which belong to no type, or whose kin have long since been retired from service.

First, there rolls silently by, a big car carrying only the chauffeur and a single passenger, a gentleman, who rests comfortably back in the deep leather cushions. Next, there rattles past a small, muddy car of no particular description, with one occupant, the driver, a shabby looking man who has a cigar clenched between his teeth. Then a bright vermil-

ion car rushes by, filled with laughing young ladies. Following, is an old car, 1912 model at the latest, by appearance and sound. In it are a man, woman and several children, all sitting rigidly erect upon the hard red cushions. They are evidently out for a ride and fresh air. Finally comes the inevitable Ford with the tall man driving who has to look between his knees, and whose head touches the top. The children in the back all look very happy and tired; but why shouldn't they?—they are just coming home from a picnic in the country!

THOMAS BROWNSCOMBE '21

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## PERSONALITY OF HOUSES

Houses have personalities. They are not merely soulless edifices composed of boards, shingles, and window panes, or brick and cement. They are one of two things; either showing the tastes of those that dwell within them, or exhibiting a character of their own.

A house that portrays its owner's character is usually the helpless victim of his heretofore smothered tastes. He finds himself possessed of the means to build a house. Immediately his mind goes soaring among the clouds of architectural triumphs. Different parts of several houses that have appealed to him flit across his vision. Each of them becomes a part of his future house.

In vain does the architect argue and explain. He has to mentally throw up his hands and compromise by forbidding his name to appear on the place. The result is a heterogeneous pile of cupolas, colonnades, bay-windows, and other attachments peculiar to houses.

One side of the house appears to be of the early colonial mansion type. By going around to the other side, an extremely modern sun-porch and bay-window bring your mind back to the present era. It is as incongruous as a wrist watch on a medieval knight-in-armor, or an ear telephone on Cleopatra. It is the fulfillment of all the creative house yearnings of its enthusiastic owner. He plants several



roots of Virginia creeper vine around it (which, in time, will mercifully smother it) and sprinkles a few iron deer, fountains and summer houses through the gardens, and labels the whole, "Home, Sweet Home!"

The owner's character can be surmised at once. It is a mixture of impulses sternly repressed, and finding outlet in the structure of the house, a strong self-determination and willfulness. Last, but not least, the sense of fitness of things which is so sadly lacking.

The house with a personality of its own is the one I like to look for. They wink at you from around corners, peek at you over the fence as you go by, do these houses, or survey you haughtily from a screen of trees and shrubbery. Nobody has had a hand in their planning but the architect, and one cannot help but think that the plans just run off the architect's pen of their own accord.

One house in particular clings to my memory. It is a small cosily built bungalow, sitting demurely between two large imposing structures with dignified bay windows and stately steps. If you look long enough the little house turns into a small boy, well brushed and soaped, sitting between his parents at church.

There are tall old fashioned houses of an older generation. They draw their steps and porches closely about them in old maidish disgust at the rattle and roar and smoke of the modern city. Their long windows stare primly ahead of them in aristocratic disdain of the noisy flippancy of the modern era.

Out in the country in the exact center of an old fashioned garden is the old white house with the grey weathered roof. It looks like a dear old grand-

mother. The windows of the upper story are the Old Lady's spectacles pushed well up on her forehead and the Grandmother house smiles out from under them with true hospitality. Not the hospitality that invites you in and ushers you into the "best parlor" to skid helplessly around on the horse hair sofa, while the hostess chatters about how dreadfully some people gossip. "Now for example take Mrs. X———; only last week she told me that———."

It is the hospitality that invites you into the large sunny living room with a horde of fat cushions and spacious arm chairs, and begs that you sample the latest cooky recipe.

There are the stiff snobbish houses of red brick and cement. How haughtily they survey the passerby! Their red brick noses (if they have any) must turn up in horror at the "mob."

When I was a small child I contracted the habit of running past these houses in deadly fear that they would loosen one of their bricks and drop it on the impertinent person who dared to walk so near them.

The small army of old deserted houses comes last to my thought.

They are orphans. Their crumbling walls have lost the privilege of sheltering a happy (or otherwise) family! They are the poor blind men of the street corners.

Their blank windows stare ahead with the expressionless despair of the blind man. They are old and broken. Sadly and hopelessly they wait for something. It cannot be a family to shelter because they surely know that their days of warmth and comfort giving are over. It must be the end when some



orderly person tears them down and burns the pieces in his fireplace. Did you ever hear a queer shrill cry come from burning wood? Some folks says its

a fire pixie in the wood but I think it is the souls of trees and houses saying their last goodbye.

ZELDA IRENE PITKIN '22

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## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF YOSEMITE

On the road up to Yosemite from the San Joaquin Valley the scenery is simply that of thickly forested mountains,—wonderful in itself, but not exactly what one would expect to find on the way to the awe-inspiring valley of cliffs and rugged peaks. There is not one view until one arrives at the very brink of the valley that is anything compared with what one sees there.

After riding through miles of beautiful timber, up steep grades and down into the canyons again, one at last comes to Inspiration Point. A person who has not visited Yosemite can't imagine the surprise and pleasure of the tourist who views the valley from this point. The Gates of the Valley are first seen—beautiful Bridal Veil on one side and the silent and superb El Capitan on the other. Looking on up the valley, one sees Half Dome rising above the surrounding walls, and beyond it, Cloud's Rest, which, true

to its name, has a few fleece-like billowy forms resting on it. One can hardly pull himself away from this splendid scene of nature to continue his journey on down to the valley.

The road to the floor of the valley is very rough and dusty because every day there are at least fifteen heavy sight-seeing busses and stages that take this route out to the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees and to Wawona, a summer resort. Finally one passes the last "checking-in" station, and is really in Yosemite Valley. If it is early morning or evening, one sees a few deer grazing in the beautiful green glades.

After the camp-site is selected and the tent and cots made ready for the night, how fine it is to sit down around the first meal in Yosemite, enjoying our great out-of-doors!

ESTELLA SINCLAIR '22





## YOU NEED A REST

Gustave Larson stepped out on the back porch; but not for long. Who would, when the thermometer registered forty-three below zero? That is what he wanted to know. He closed the door firmly so as to exclude any drafts that might get in to give Clara the neuralgia.

"Phew! Didn't I tell you, Clara? It is forty-three below! It's six years since it has been over forty-one. This is a record breaker."

"Yes," answered Clara, his wife, in a slow, complaining voice of one who has enjoyed poor health for a number of years. "Yes, not since the year poor mama died, and Willie had the diptheria, and all the potatoes froze in the cellar."

She wiped a tear away with the corner of her checkered apron, while Gustave warmed his hands over the glowing surface of the big coal range. After putting on the soup for dinner,—for dinner was eaten at twelve o'clock by all respectable people in Springbrook,—and the oat meal was served, they sat down to breakfast around the kitchen table. It was a good, substantial breakfast of porridge, and eggs (preserved in liquid glass from the farm), bacon and potatoes, left over from last night's supper, and home-made graham bread. It had given Clara a headache to knead that bread, and Gustave appreciated it.

"Goodbye, Clara," he called as he left for the post office. "Edna, be sure to wear plenty of good warm clothes, and be a good girl in school today. Willie, you mustn't forget to bring in some coal before you leave. And wipe the dishes, too, because

mama has a bad headache this morning."

Gustave was clothed in a big racoon-skin coat. Indeed, if you were a stranger in Springbrook, you might have wondered what kind of a creature it was, trudging through the snow drifts across the lots, and down the road to Main Street. But everyone knew that big, fur cap, with its ear laps turned down to meet the overgrown coat collar, till only the eyes of Gustave peeped out between. A nice, warm muffler that Clara had knitted was wrapped around his forehead, crossed in the back, and tied in the front, the winds playing havoc with the very much fuzzed tassels, and sorely trying the patience of Gustave. On his feet were six-buckled overshoes, much too large, but stuffed with heated paper to keep the cutting north wind out. His mittens were Clara's own handiwork, reaching far past his wrists, and over the cuffs of the great coon coat. They were tied with the cord from the sugar sack, saved for that purpose, in neat little bows. After the final twist of his muffler, and another make-sure-of-his-sweater, and a pat on his cheek to warm his heart, so he wouldn't notice the blustering wind, she had sent him off to his work; hoping that he hadn't noticed the moisture in her eye, for her headache was terribly bad, and it would grieve poor Gustave to know. . .

One entire side of the post office was taken up by the boxes, and a counter at which cigars and chances to win a box of candy were sold. There were two boxes, "A" and "B," which occupied a very conspicuous place in the cabinet. One of these, "B," belonged to the banker, and was nearly half full



of mail—four letters, a circular advertising McClellan's Coffee, and the Minneapolis Journal. The other was a box of Springbrook Mercantile Company, the biggest store in town, and owned by A. B. Carlson. It was empty now, for Mr. Carlson breakfasted at seven and proceeded directly to work, stopping only to get the mail.

When Gustave entered the post office, quite a number of villagers were there already. The depot agent was hurriedly scanning the back page of a borrowed paper. In the opposite corner, behind the stove, was a table with four chairs around it. And in these chairs were men, supposed-to-be men, thought Gustave. From the center of this group came the sound of quickly falling stiff pieces of cardboard. The onlookers watched so that Mike didn't "salt the cards."

"Good morning, Bill," Gust greeted the post master as he opened and took out his mail—the Journal and a letter for Clara—what's the news this morning? Did the school-loan drive pass?"

"Sure, Mister Larson, I haven't had time to even glance at a paper this mornin'. But I see by a post card that Mrs. Sandelin's boy has got back from France, and will be home inside of two weeks. An' ol' Mister Hennum's niece is a comin' up from Annapolis on the local, on Wednesday next. An' Mister Larson, he confided, "I've a notion an' a feelin' in my weary bones that that letter o' your'n fer yer missis aint any too cheerful, neither!"

"Why, Bill, what makes you think so? There's not even a return address on it to tell tales."

Bill looked around in confusion, casting a nervous glance at the tea kettle steaming across the room.

Then suddenly, as though he had just thought of a bright idea:

"It was'nt sealed, Mister Larson, it was'nt sealed. An' I jes' looked to be sure that the letter's all there. Trust me, Mister Larson."

Mr. Larson's face assumed an expression somewhat disheartened. So it was news none too cheerful for Clara, was it? Clara, with such a headache today, too! And it was surely true if Bill had said so. He always knew, especially if it had anything to do with post cards; but a letter—to think that Bill had opened a letter!—and lied to get out of it! Bill couldn't be trusted!

He stumbled out into the cold quite as unaware of the cheery "good-mornings" as of the almost impassable snow drifts ahead. He crossed the street to the store, where Mr. Carlson sat making reports.

"Why, good-morning, Gust! A corker of a day, isn't it? How's your wife?"

"Not very well, thank you. Not very well, I'm afraid."

"Too bad, Gust. Deucedly bad. How are things coming at the yard? Pretty good?"

"No, kind of slacking down again, Andy. Lumber's gone up and folks ain't doing much building."

"Too bad! Mighty sorry, old boy! How are the youngsters?"

"Oh, they quarrel all the time! And Willie refuses to take Edna to school, even on a day of forty-three below, and a sixty mile gale. It worries Clara so, Andy."

"Too bad! Gust, too bad! Hope things will pick up soon again for you. Come around often."

The merchant watched Gust go out of the store,



and wondered what made him so stooped and discouraged.

Mr. Larson came home to dinner at noon with full intentions of keeping the letter for Clara till supper time came. But then Clara was worse, and Gustave was quite perplexed. The children had quarreled and broken some dishes, and he, in desperation, had sent them to bed. A pillow fight followed, which resulted in two crying youngsters who refused to be comforted. When they were asleep, he came down stairs, and with determined deliberateness, handed his wife the letter, having first provided a pitcher of water and the smelling salts. As she read it, a strange pleased look came into her face, and by the time she had finished she was laughing, now crying, now laughing, till Gustave got excited. He seized the pitcher of water, and threw half its contents on her.

"Why Gustave!" she gasped.

He took hold of her shoulders and made her lie down.

"Gustave!"

He held the salts to her nose till she was almost suffocated.

"Gustave, I insist—I mean, you see,—you don't understand,—O, please!"

"Sh," accompanied another glass of water.

"Gustave, it's from mama's lawyer."

"Sh—h—h—h!" His grip on her arms was more cutting each moment.

"Gustave! Leave go of me!"

This startled him so that he did "leave go of her," and stood staring as she rose from the couch.

"Gustave," each word came very clearly and decidedly, "this letter is from mama's lawyer. He merely states that since mama's death—"

"I told you so! Mama's death!" It was Gustave's turn to shout now.

"Why, Gustave," said Clara in a reproachful tone, "Mama died over six years ago!"

Gustave sank into his chair with a sigh of relief. She continued:

"Mama's will was only found last month, and in it she left us her summer home. Now, aren't you sorry!"

"'Twould haunt me to death," said the heartless Gustave.

"No, it wouldn't! You *know* it wouldn't! You need a rest. You *know* you *need* a rest!"

To which Gustave answered very meekly:

"Yes, Clara dear."

Everybody else thought he needed a rest, too, when he came around in the morning with a box of cigars, and patting Bill on the shoulder, grinning sheepishly said:

"Bless your heart, old top, you're a peach! Come around and see us some time. *You need a rest.*"

VIVIAN OLSON, '22.



Twenty-five



## A ROSE FACE

(Prize Award)

You belong to the world of inanimate things  
Without a soul,  
Wax-like rose-bud sidewise swaying  
On my rose tree.  
Hear me!  
Sweet you are as a woman's face,  
Haloed with mother love.  
Tell me, rose, in answer  
Holds life a sweeter thing?

ISABEL HOMAN '21

## THE SUMMER OCEAN

The sprightly waves rise and retreat  
Like dainty house-maids in white caps,  
Their myriad of diamond sprays,  
Make rainbows, like uneven lines  
Of dancing fairies.  
The white gulls glide and glint  
Above the blue depths,  
As Time hastens through  
The fleeting months of summer.

MARY JULIA OAKES '22





# STUDENT BODY NOTES

## STUDENT BODY OFFICERS:

### *First Semester*

Thomas Brownscombe  
President

Meryl Bish  
Vice-President

Julia Oakes  
Secretary-Treasurer

### *Second Semester*

Thomas Brownscombe  
President

Russell Merritt  
Vice-President

Ruth Comstock  
Secretary

Arsene Chauvet  
Treasurer

The past year has been, in our estimation, the most successful one in the history of our Junior College. Our organization is now in its fourth year, and well launched. The students have supported their student body with great good will. They have helped in debating, in dramatics, and at all times when real support was needed to carry out student activities. Tag days and candy sales for our Bear Cub have been generously supported. This year, too, the first Junior College constitution was drawn up, voted upon, and accepted. Esther Sorensen was chairman of the committee for that purpose.

The officers have all done their best to carry out the purpose of our organization, which is to develop

and support to the best of our ability, student activities and interests.

We have enjoyed many talks by our dean, Mr. Borst, and by Mr. Weber. Mr. John Plover visited us one morning, and presented a fine topic in an interesting manner. The subject for his talk was "Social Leadership among College Men and Women."

Our number is comparatively small, which has made possible each member giving his or her opinion on school problems. In this way, along with a wonderful college spirit, we have been thoroughly unified, and realize how much better our affairs have been carried on under this spirit.

ANNIE SHEPPARD '21



## SOCIETY

In accordance with the tradition of the University of California, the Junior College was given a get-acquainted tea by the faculty, superintended by Miss Breu. It was but a short time until the object of the tea was accomplished.

It was on an afternoon in early fall when everyone was getting ready for the months of study; eagerly looking forward, but feeling just a little bit sad at the close of summer fun, and wondering vaguely just what would happen the next June.

Mr. Borst, Dean of the Junior College introduced students to students and students to teachers. Miss Breu played the piano; and cake and cookies were served by the little girls of the working class before time to go home.

The next party given by the Junior College was arranged by Isabel Homan, chairman, with the aid of the social committee. Because of the Social Center's being held on Friday night, the music room was decorated, and games and music were played until eleven o'clock, when the gymnasium was cleared and an hour of dancing was enjoyed.

During the evening fresh apple cider, sandwiches, and cake were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Brownscombe, Mr. and Mrs. I. D. Steele, the faculty and families were the guests of the students.

And now Hallowe'en lent itself as a motif for a

good time. The girls from Sebastopol, Dorothy Stillings, Zelda Pitkin, Estella Sinclair and Dorothy Kent, entertained the Junior College students and teachers with the most original party of the season. It was held in a long, narrow, chicken house, about two miles from town. Green boughs covered the east side of the building, and immense cats smiling grotesquely over the surface of raised umbrellas lined the west side. The egg room at the front of the building served as a coat room. The floor was so smooth I doubt whether the chickens could have refrained from dancing when an Art Hickman record was played. On the wall was a menu card on which were listed hag's teeth. . . . four beans, golden rings . . . . six beans, fruit from the Garden of Eden. . . . twelve beans, and many more puzzling names, which could not be called "French." Everyone chose as much food as his number of beans would permit, and when the plates were passed out he saw objects which had been familiar since childhood. The hag's teeth were twisted taffy, golden rings were sugared doughnuts and so on.

Many games and contests were played; it was a late hour when the party ended.

Days and weeks passed quickly by, but before the holidays came to separate the various members of the Junior College, Julia Oakes invited the students and her teachers to a Christmas party. The evening



was enjoyed with games and dancing. Mr. Borst gave several original readings, Miss Breu played the piano, and Meryl Bish sang from his endless supply of entertaining songs.

Light refreshments were served at a late hour.

Ruth Comstock, the artistic member of the Junior College, chose to give a Saint Valentine's party. Specific directions were given concerning the location of the Comstock home on the Petaluma hill road and at half past eight the faculty and students were assembled.

Many original contests were introduced and prizes were awarded to Dorothy Kent, who recognized the pictures of various advertisements; to the one who guessed the names of books by symbols; to the one who could distinguished the different tastes of spices; to Hamlin Bigelow, the fastest cracker-eater; and to Mr. Weber, the one with the steadiest nerve.

Small tables were arranged filled with chicken salad, sandwiches, chocolates and cake. In one large, white cake was hidden a dime, a thimble and a ring. Julia Oakes found the ring, Hamlin Bigelow the dime, but the mystery still remains as to where the button went.

Midnight marked the departure through the clear, cool night, with a full moon and a million stars.

During the term various methods of raising money for the Bear Cub were employed. Julia Oakes gave a party at her home for the students and faculty of the Junior College. Admission was charged to every one; many guessing contests were held in which one paid for what he knew as well as for what he didn't know. Tickets were sold for dancing at five cents a couple. A concert was given by different members of the student body and faculty, for which everyone paid as much as he liked. A shadow show was staged

and the shadows were bought. A sign above the punch table read, "Free Lunch, but Buy Your Punch."

Between eleven and twelve dollars were cleared.

At the beginning of the second semester, a new social committee was elected, Estella Sinclair being chairman. On April 1st they gave an April Fools' party to the faculty and students, held in the Junior High building. Games and dancing were played and a mock wedding performed, at which Mr. MacCarthy was to be married to Vivian Olson. The day was saved by Mr. Borst's intervention on the grounds that the intended groom already had one wife, and thus the affair was mournfully closed.

Appetizing refreshments, such as chocolate-coated soap and cork, daintily twisted pieces of paper, sawdust sandwiches, white frosting over a shiny tin pan, and salty water, after which followed real cake and ice cream.

The tables in the dining room were decorated with French baskets, filled with pink roses. Even the wisest were caught in some manner, but everyone had a good time.

In addition to the parties already given, many plans have been made for festivities before the close of school.

Zelda Pitkin has arranged for an out-door party at her parents' ranch on a warm, moon-lit night.

The social committee suggested a picnic on the river for May the twentieth, which was readily voted for in the affirmative.

The Junior College has invited the senior class of every high school in Sonoma County to a dance. Broom and Japanese lanterns are to be used for decorations.





*Thirty*



# 

### 

The evening of March 12, the Junior College students presented Stewart Walker's one-act play, "The Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil," in the Annex auditorium. The proceeds went towards the Junior College annual, the "Bear Cub." The stage setting was very beautiful, the color scheme being carried out in orange and black. Many medieval brasses added to the distinctive appearance of the stage. The costumes of the cast were very attractive besides being of the correct historic style.

The scene of "The Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil" was in the kitchen of a peasant's home and the action was carried out by six people who passed through this kitchen. They were on their way to the execution of the queen who was condemned to die at mid-day. Her crime was that she stepped on the ring-toe of the King's great aunt.

Each member of the cast distinguished himself in the characterization of his part.

#### 

Queen .....	Vivian Olson
Blindman .....	Thomas Brownscombe
Ballad Singer .....	Meryl Bish
Mime .....	Earle Olson
Milkmaid .....	Louise Von Albensleben
Headsmen .....	Russell Merritt
Prologue .....	Ruth Comstock

Device Bearer .....	Dorothy Kent
Butterfly .....	Julia Oakes
You .....	Beth Letold

#### 

"Ding-a-ling," a one-act comedy, was presented by the Junior College boys on the morning of April 22 at the high school Annex. It was under the direction of our esteemed dramatic genius, Meryl Bish. A great deal of credit is due three of the high school boys who aided in its production. The performance was given as a benefit to the "Bear Cub" and a most satisfactory sum was obtained.

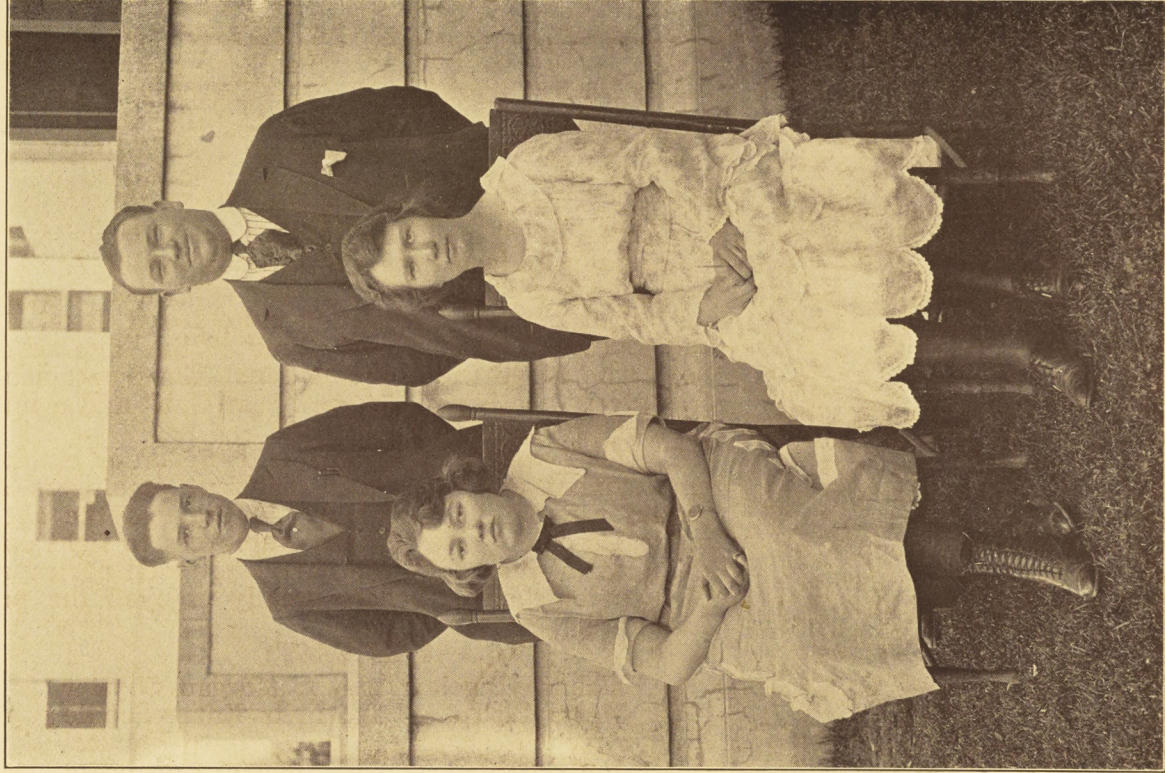
The skit was a humorous take-off on a crooked employment agency. Four different employers all paid for one fat Dutchman. In the end the agent made his escape, leaving the employers to fight over the poor fat man. All the parts were well portrayed. The students and teachers greatly enjoyed the performance.

#### 

Hamlin Bigelow .....	Morgan Shyster
Meryl Bish .....	Fritz Katzendoodle
Arsene Chauvet .....	Pietro Vanucci
Joe Bussman .....	Reuben Corn tassel
Joe Dearing .....	Heine Grauerholtz
John Lucas .....	George Bones

ESTELLA SINCLAIR '22





## DEBATING

**RESOLVED:** That the nationization of the coal mines is the best solution of the problem of capital and labor in the United States.

### *Affirmative*

Maude Moyle  
Isabel Homan  
Arsene Chauvet

### *Negative*

Estella Sinclair  
Hamlin Bigelow  
Meryl Bish  
The affirmative side won from the negative in a



debate, held in the high school assembly hall on January 14, '21, by a unanimous vote. The main arguments were based on previous government ownership, advisability of competition, and statistics. The judges were Edgar A. Waite, Ben Ballard, and Hilliard Comstock. This debate between home teams determined the regular Junior College debaters. The entire negative side was chosen, with Maude Moyle as substitute. We were unable to hold debates with other Junior Colleges, as those in Northern California did not have debating teams.

V. K. O. '22

## ALUMNI

Dorothy Adams, attending U. C., Berkeley.  
Eunice Gutermute, attending U. C., Berkeley.  
Verrel Weber, attending U. C., Berkeley.  
Laura Whitney, attending U. C., Berkeley.  
Elsie Moore, attending San Jose Normal.  
Inez Russel, Deceased.

## JOSHES

### Lost, Strayed or Stolen

"Does she dance badly?"

"Yes, if the chaperones aren't looking."

"Bill, I hear the boss has a fever, how is his temperature today?"

"Taint for me to say, sir, he died last night."

"If you give me just one I'll not ask for another."

"I've heard that story before."

"Well, give me the usual answer."

A hug—energy gone to waist.

"Is Sam really fond of argument?"

"Well, I don't like to say that, but I saw him turn down a second dish of ice-cream the other night because the first one agreed with him."

"My face is my fortune."

"Well, its no disgrace to be poor."

Friend, (who is trying to comfort widow whose husband had frozen to death.)

"But you must remember that he will never be cold again."

*Thirty-three*



The man who does not marry is denied much, but is spared the ordeal of much denying.

—————o—————  
“What would you do if you were in my shoes?”  
“Groan with agony.”

—————o—————  
Holding her close to him, he gazed into her unfathomable depths of her gazelle-like eyes. Acute anxiety was expressed in every line of her fair face. Ever and anon a sigh seemed to rend her being with its intensity, and she gazed into his face as though she would read his very soul.

For many minutes thus they sat, neither speaking, each gazing into the other's eyes.

“Yes,” said the oculist, at last, “One eye is seriously affected, and, if not treated immediately, will develop a decided squint.”

Jug not that ye be not jugged.

—————o—————  
“Venus wasn't so awfully good looking.”  
“Well, you've got nothing on her.”

—————o—————  
“Mable, parse the word kiss.”

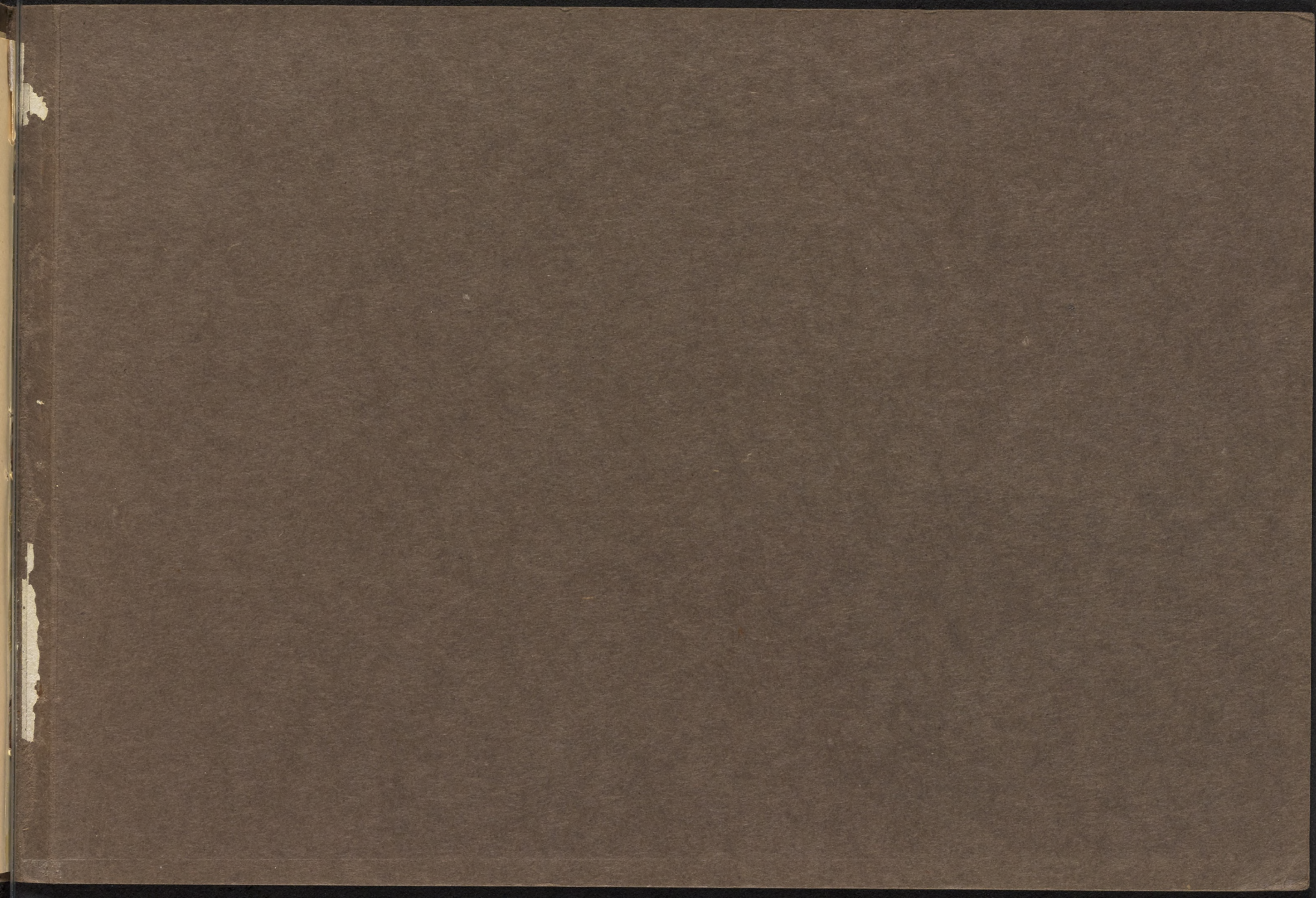
“This word is a noun, but is usually used as a conjunction. It is never declined, and more common than proper. It is not very singular, in that it is usually used in the plural. It agrees with me.”

—————o—————  
As soon as my shoes wear out I'll be on my feet again.

—————o—————  
When a little girl has a big hole in her stocking no one notices it, but when a big girl has a little hole in her stocking—Oh, Boy !!









THE DEMOCRAT PRINT, SANTA ROSA, CAL.

